Me thought their ſoules, whoſe bodies Richard murthered,
Came to my tent, and cried on victorie,
I promiſe you, my ſoule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame.
How farre into the morning is it Lords?
Lo. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.

His Oration to his ſouldiers.

More then I haue ſaid, louing countrimen,
The leiſure and inforcement of the time,
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The praiers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high reard bulwarkes, ſtand before our faces,
Richard, except thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For, what is he they follow? trulie gentlemen,
A bloudie tirant, and a homicide.
One raiſd in bloud, and one in bloud eſtabliſhed,
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughtered thoſe, that were the meanes to helpe him,
A baſe foule ſtone, made precious by the foile,
Of Englands chaire, where he is falſely ſet,
One that hath euer bene Gods enemie.
Then if you fight againſt Gods enemie,
God will in iuſtice, ward you as his ſouldiers,
If you doe ſweate to put a tyrant downe,
You ſleepe in peace, the tyrant being ſlaine,
If you do fight againſt your countries foes,
Your countries fat, ſhall paie your paines the hire.
If you do fight in ſafegard of your wiues,
Your wiues ſhall welcome home the conquerors,
If you do free your children from the ſword,
Your childrens children quits it in your age:
Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
Aduance your ſtandards, draw your willing ſwords,
For me, the ranſome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this colde corps on the earths cold face:

But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The leaſt of you, ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets boldlie, and chearefullie,
God, and Saint George, Richmond and victorie.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

King. What ſaid Northumberland, as touching Richmond.
Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in armes.
King. He ſaid the truth, and what ſaid Surrey then.
Rat. He ſmiled and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.
King. He was in the right, and ſo indeed it is:
Tell the clocke there. *The clocke ſtriketh.*
Giue me a calender, who ſaw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he diſdaines to ſhine, for by the booke,
He ſhould haue braud the Eaſt an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to ſome bodie Rat.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The ſunne will not be ſeene to day,
The skie doth frowne, and lowre vpon our armie,
I would theſe dewie teares were from the ground,
Not ſhine to day: why, what is that to me?
More then to Richmond, for the ſelfe-ſame heauen,
That frownes on me, lookes ſadlie vpon him.

Enter Norffolke.

Norff. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, buſtle, buſtle, capariſon my horſe,
Call vp Lord Stanlie, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth, my ſouldiers to the plaine,
And thus my battaile ſhall be ordered.
My foreward ſhall be drawne in length,
Conſiſting equallie of horſe and foote,
Our Archers ſhall be placed in the midſt,
Iohn, Duke of Norffolke, Thomas Earle of Surrey,
Shall haue the leading of this foote and horſe,
They thus directed, we will follow,
In the maine battell, whoſe puiſſance on either ſide,
Shall be well winged with our cheefeſt horſe.
This, and Saint George to boote, what thinkeſt thou Nor.